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GEE AITCH 43

No. 17. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Sunday, May 25, 1919

Fortress Monroe Play Locals Today

Remember the Salvation Army That Remembered You

52nd FIELD ARTILLERY ON ERROR ACRE TODAY

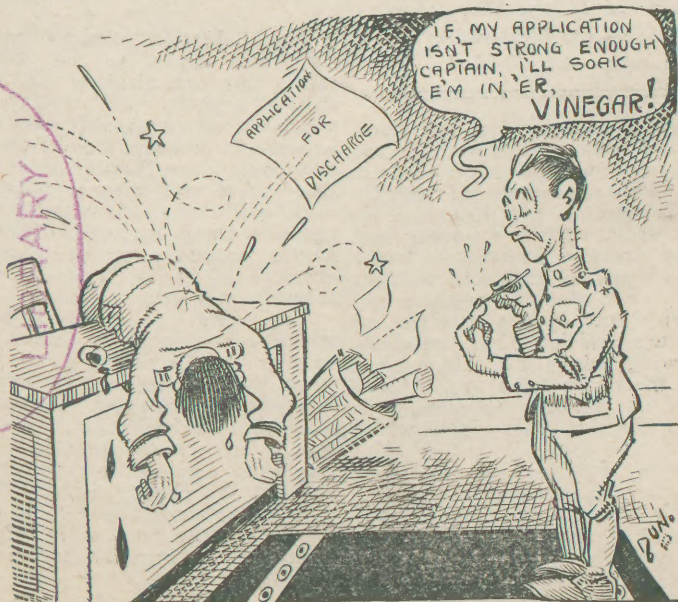
This bunch from Fortress Monroe are the real fellows. "A man may be out," they say, "but never down." In spite of the fact that they were horribly massacred in their former mix with the local team, they are coming back to try again. During the time that has elapsed since they played their first game here before, they have been practising diligently, and it wouldn't surprise us a bit if

they put up a pretty stiff battle this afternoon. So let's all be on our toes, and be out there.

—O—

The newly arrived non-coms from Lakewood, N. J. brought to this Post a pretty well organized baseball aggregation. They lined up for practice against the Post team Friday afternoon. The game went against them, but only by one score. The result was 5 to 4 in favor of the Post team.

ARMY
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Have a Heart.

GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday,
and devoted to the interests of
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ton, Va.

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commanding officer.

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Sunday, May 25, 1919

Officer of the Day:

Today—Lt. McDonald.

Monday—Lt. Merkel.

The age of sycophantry, toadyism,
boot-licking and pettiness is past.
We now acknowledge only one aris-
tocracy, the aristocracy of intelli-
gence. Intellect is not measured by
diplomas, social status or wealth, and
today the average American's brain
pan lies above the ears and not be-
low them. For centuries we have re-
posed confidence in the rantings of
abstruse academicians, but the grad-
ual growing sense of things, has
knocked the props from under these
retarders of broader thought, and
they are sinking into intellectual
dotage.

We now realize we are but
microbes lost in immensity, and that
the sooner we work in harmony for
the natural plan of things, the bet-
ter will become our existence. The
only intelligent persons are those
who realize and appreciate this great,
yet simple, natural plan. The age
of seemingness and veneer is past.
We now pin our faith to the con-
crete, the tangible, the obvious; and

to make good we must be good and
deliver the goods.

* * *

**Telling the plain, blunt truth may
not be good policy, but is ever good
principle.**

* * *

Gee Aitch 43: "I smash the wrongs
of vested rights, and right the wrongs
of the poor and weak.

* * *

THE SALVATION ARMY.

Their Creed.

I am friend of the friendless.

I am mother to the motherless.

I am champion of the weak and
the humble.

The poor and unfortunate of 63
countries and colonies know me well.

I serve on the fields of battle in
time of war.

I build my trenches in the streets
of poverty in time of peace.

I believe a man may be down, but
he's never out.

* * *

The Salvation Army's campaign
for funds appeal to the public be-
cause this organization has demon-
strated capacity for welfare work
which no other organization can do
so well. It met and stood its supreme
test behind the lines in France, and
stood it so well that it today holds
rank with the foremost welfare
agencies there engaged. It need no
longer depend on the public for
charity; it has a right to demand
from it, support.

The campaign in this community
should result in every dollar expect-
ed, for the Salvation Army has al-
ways had the respect of all of us.
Its fund has already received some
handsome subscriptions here, yet
should have more donations to ex-
press the appreciation we have for
it. Let the closing days be produc-
tive of sufficient funds to insure for
the future the good work which the
Army has done in the past.

* * *

**An engagement is merely a little
rehearsal for matrimony—and mar-
rying your first love is staging the
great drama of life without any re-
hearsals.**

'Tis yet high day, thy staff resume,
And fight fresh battles for the
truth;
For what is age but youth's full
bloom,
A riper, more transparent youth.
A weight of gold
Is never old;
Streams broader grow as downward
rolled.

At sixty-two lift has begun;
At seventy-three begins once more;
Fly swifter as thou near'st the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty-four.
At ninety-five
Shouldst thou arrive
Still wait on God, and work and
thrive.

—Selected.

ODZ AND ENZ.

The price of eggs is too darn high,
And eggs we all are needing;
The cost of hen fruit makes us sigh,
It is a fowl proceeding.

—o—

A sporting mind, although a los-
ing one, is never bereft of irrepres-
sible hope.

First Step.

Friend—Have you taken the nec-
essary steps to meet the changing
conditions which peace will bring?

Magnate—Indeed I have. I have
already summoned the heads of all
our departments for a meeting to
arrange for a new slogan to excuse
the continuance of high prices, now
that we can't use "On account of the
war."

WITH REPORTERS.

Jake Schaeffer is going to enlist
for one year, as he is set with vigor-
ous endeavor to get that Corporal
job. Atta Boy, Jake, Do Your Bit!

Our birdie overheard discussion
down Barracks "H" way recently,
thus:

Sgt. Phipps—Those are terrible
cigars you smoke lately, Durrance.

Durrance—Yes, I call them the
"League of Nations."

Sgt. Phipps—Pourquoi?

Durrance—You criticize them se-
verely, but you haven't any good
substitute to offer.

Contributed.

Sid Kline was heard giving in-
structions as to how Sgt. McCune
should get his discharge.

Sgt. Kline—Do you mean to tell
me that you've been studying all this
time how you should get your dis-
charge, and you haven't learned yet?

Sgt. McCune—Well, it's not my
fault. Just as soon as I begin to
learn how, someone else starts all
over again, with a new way.

—o—

Prophesier?

Porterfield was heard once again
to say, "Another day gone and we
are getting nearer to our time. Next
Monday we will surprise the boys at
Richmond, by giving them a Fare-
well Party." Let's hope that you
and Sid don't meet with another dis-
appointment.

—o—

Looks like Sgt. Schlicting of the
M. T. C. (awaiting patiently for his
H. D.) is preparing to take a job as
night watchman, by the way he
keeps the "Eagle Eye" on the Dodge
cars after 6:00 P. M.

HAMPTON OVERSEA ARTILLERY IN PARADE TODAY.

Battery D, 111th Infantry, com-
posed of Hampton's young men, are
due to arrive home today. The town
of Hampton will be out to greet them
with the welcome hand.

WITH NEW CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENT: The Druggist
of Phoebus announces the arrival of
new eye brow Tweezers. Easy,
Nurses, no need to rush. All those
not capable of handling this little
instrument and desire to learn, call
one flight up, turn to left, take a few
steps, mark time, painless treat-
ments.

—o—

They went a-walking I'll say they
did. Both walked, talked, sat down
like kids. Look in, nothing, not even
the sign, which read "No Trespass-
ing—Ten Bucks Fine." The two had
Day school education, but suffered
terribly from infatuation, 'till the
owner came along—cleared the situ-
ation.
Boob McNutt's Sister.

PREPARING FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

The boxers were out Friday afternoon, warming up in front of the grandstand. Sgt. 1st c. Moneegan, who formerly trained Jess Willard, the world's champion, took a little work out against some of the talent here, and it is reasonable to predict, with this man at work assisting on the athletic program, some very fruitful results will be forthcoming. Wrestlers are being whipped into form, also fleetly footmen and other stunt doers, and the prospects for a big athletic field day, May 30th, are beginning to show great promise. Let everybody get into it with a determined spirit, and a successful day is assured.

POST LEAGUE DOINGS FOR THE WEEK.

Many of the games scheduled last week were cancelled on account of drill and other reasons, and little was done in home league circles. For the coming week the various teams have been matched up as follows:

MONDAY

Theater vs. CueEmmers.

TUESDAY.

Registrars vs. Medics.

WEDNESDAY

Camp Morrison Officers vs. local Officers.

THURSDAY

Utilities vs. Registrars.

FRIDAY

Memorial Field Day.

SATURDAY

Camp Alexander Officers vs. Local Officers.

Game also scheduled for Post Team, on home grounds.

Would also like to know how the Pretty Sergeant of the Band expects to make any hit in the line of Real Estate by visiting some certain wards and not others. We are anxious to know the outcome of this and all transactions.

(Signed)

"Lonesome."

Sgt. 1st c. McGrady, the contributor, is still waiting for the 50 cents she gave him last evening, or do you need any more?

—0—

Future American Aces.

Lt. McDonald and Capt. Samson and Capt. Rawles. Camp Samson's first aeroplane ride produced such joy in his heart that he commenced to dance a "toe whirl" and throw away his bars, and a few other things, we guess.

CAPTAIN FINDS PURSE BY THE WAYSIDE.

While walking over near the laundry the the other day, one of our shoulder-bar wearers stubbed his toe on a very fat purse. "Ah!" says he, here is where I can eat some regular grub in a restaurant over in Phoebus tonight." So he stealthily stooped, picked up, and stole away with the booty. "Let's see what we have here," quoth he, and hastily retreating midst the sheltering shadows of a tree, he pried open the purse. "Curses on the luck," he madly exclaimed, as he gave the purse a vicious toss into the gutter, and he crossed over to the Mess Hall. The purse was filled with gravel and sawdust.

EDGMORE YARDS HAS BAF-FLING CASE.

(From Foreign Correspondent.)

A mystery that has baffled the best brains of the local forces, now holds the people breathless hereabout. No information has been given out. In fact not one iota has been divulged to the press except that a car has disappeared. No one seems to know what to do. A call has been sent out, we understand, in an endeavor to locate George W. Duke, former ace detective of the force., but so far he has not been located and detailed on the case. If anyone can give Edgmore Yards information as to where they might find him and again secure his services, do so at once. It is understood he is in the army and it is thought that at this Post. In the interests of law and order, lend a hand to find him.